

doc, i think i'm falling for you by papercranium

Category: IT (Movies - Muschietti), IT - Stephen King

Genre: Boys In Love, Clumsy Richie Tozier, Doctor Eddie Kaspbrak, Dorks in Love, Eddie Kaspbrak Loves Richie Tozier, First Kiss, Fluff, Gay, Idiots in Love, M/M, Mentioned Sonia Kaspbrak, Minor Bill Denbrough/Stamley Uris, Reddie, Richie Tozier Being a Dumbass, Richie Tozier Loves Eddie Kaspbrak, They deserve a happy ending, uwu, your mom jokes

Language: English

Characters: Eddie Kaspbrak, Richie Tozier

Relationships: Eddie Kaspbrak & Richie Tozier, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier

Status: Completed

Published: 2019-12-13

Updated: 2019-12-13

Packaged: 2019-12-13 01:26:04

Rating: Teen And Up Audiences

Warnings: Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,642

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

Richie smiled, crossing his legs and listing his head to one side as he watched Eddie rummage through the supplies. God, he was cute. "So give it to me straight, Doc. How long have I got? Should I be writing my will?"

Eddie crinkled his nose, trying unsuccessfully to hide a smile. "Nothing I can't fix."

In which Richie is a dumbass and Eddie loves him too~

doc, i think i'm falling for you

Author's Note:

it's the holidays and i'm still stuck on summer in derry. maybe a mistletoe fic of some sort soon, it's that time of year again ;))
anyways enjoy our favorites being idiots together

It was already almost midnight and Richie, not for the first time in his life, couldn't seem to fall asleep. He had been flopped on his bed for hours, staring blankly up at the ceiling—nothing. He sighed, dragging a hand down his face. He wasn't even that tired. His parents weren't even home. It was a Friday night in summer, for crying out loud. How much lamer could he get?

The original plan had been that he and Bill were going to some house party—some cooler girl's house that of course Bill had gotten invited to. Richie was going to be his plus-one, kind of—he didn't really want to go, but he considered the idea of bumming free weed off of freshmen too high to see straight, and decided that he might as well go after all. But of course, silly old Bill had called Richie, claiming to be a bit “under the weather.” He had told Richie to just go without him if he wanted, but Richie had just told him no, really it's fine, I think I'll just stay home, don't worry about it. He didn't know how to interact with the popular kids anyways, though he still kind of wished he had just gone. It would have sucked to go alone, but at least it'd be more interesting than just lying around like this.

Richie groaned, sitting up and putting his glasses back on. This was no fun, and “no fun” was absolutely not what he was about. With a spine-popping stretch, he stood up and slid into his Vans. He grabbed his skateboard from where it was propped up against the wall. Flicking out his bedroom light, he took the stairs two at a time and headed out the front door, riding out into the balmy summer night.

Richie realized he knew exactly where he was going—the route to Eddie's house was second nature, practically. Why he was going to Eddie's, though, he wasn't quite sure. He shivered as he passed under another streetlight. Summer nights in Derry were anything but cold,

but still—there was something about being out here, in the dark, alone, that always put Richie on edge. He shook his head, skating faster. It's gone, stupid, he reminded himself for the thousandth time. It's long gone.

When Richie made it to Eddie's house, he was relieved to see that the light in the same old upstairs window was still on. He grinned to himself, kicking up his board. Good old Eds.

Sneaking past the front side of the house, he leapt as quietly as he could onto the AC unit, scaling deftly to the roof. He peeked into the window, clinging precariously to the gutter, but oddly enough, Eddie was nowhere in sight.

Richie frowned. "Eds?" he whispered as loud as he dared.

Richie tried again, this time wobbily reaching out and tapping the window. "Eddie?"

Eddie shot up from below the windowsill, so suddenly that Richie yelped in surprise and lost his balance. "Shit!" He slid off the roof, scrabbling for a hand-hold, but his head hit the gutter with a loud crack and he fell to the ground.

As soon as his back hit the grass, the wind was knocked completely out of him, and he gasped so hard that his chest hurt. He rolled over slowly and tried to push himself up on clenched fists, coughing. Shit, shit, shit! This was no way to make a charming, heroic entrance! Eddie was going to throw a fit.

It hadn't even been half a minute when Richie heard Eddie wheeling around from the front door. He glanced up, propping himself up on his hands and knees as Eddie rushed to his side, panting. He was paler than Richie had ever seen him, and his eyes were wide with fright.

Richie tried for a winning smile, but Eddie didn't seem to notice. "Oh my God, Richie! What were you thinking!? What did you think you were doing up there!? It's the middle of the night! Oh my God, you better hope that no one heard you! Or saw you!"

Richie grinned crookedly, wincing. Something was dripping onto his

left eyebrow. "I'm fine," he coughed, "thanks for asking."

Eddie's eyes widened even more. He swiped a finger over Richie's forehead, pushing his hair away. "No, you're not. You smashed your head open on my roof! Get up, come on, let's go inside so I can get you fixed up. I can't see a thing out here."

Richie gratefully let Eddie help him up and lead him inside. "What were you doing out there anyways," Eddie demanded as they headed up the stairs. "It's way too late to be out on your board, stupid."

Richie blew a raspberry. "Party pooper. I was just here to kiss your mom goodnight a couple times. Helps her fall asleep in my tender embrace."

"Shut up!" Eddie spluttered. "I'm serious," he rushed, lowering his voice, "if she hears us and wakes up, she's gonna kill us."

Richie smirked. "God, I wish she would. Just take me between her legs and..."

Eddie didn't seem to hear this. As they reached the bathroom door, he whirled around and cupped a hand to Richie's temple. Richie tried his best to not jump out of his own skin, praying that the dim hallway hid how flushed his face was rapidly becoming.

Oh my God, he thought. He's gonna make a move. Oh God, Eddie Kaspbrak is finally gonna kiss me.

Eddie's fingers were electric on his skin. He traced the edge of Richie's hair, brushing it oh, so gently off of his forehead—and frowned?

"Eugh." He wrinkled his nose.

Richie blinked in surprise, shoving up his glasses. He could feel his face heating up even more.

"You're still bleeding pretty bad. Hopefully you won't need stitches."

For some reason, hearing those words made Richie exhale in relief. He hadn't even realized he'd been holding his breath. He doesn't hate you, stupid. But it's not like he made a move, either.

Eddie's hand fell from Richie's forehead. "Go to my bedroom. I'll get some supplies and see if I can clean it up."

Richie chuckled. "Go to your bedroom? Never thought I'd hear you say those words. Don't have to tell me twice."

He could tell Eddie was blushing. "Shut up! Just go!"

Richie smirked and headed off towards Eddie's room. His ribs did kind of hurt. Sort of a lot. But it was nice to know that his irresistible charm was still in tact.

He sat down on the carpeted floor of Eddie's room, gingerly leaning his head against the side of Eddie's bed. He stifled a smile as he glanced around the room—he couldn't help it. It was really cute.

There was a desk in the corner with a small lamp, an alarm clock, and a radio, and a dresser crowded with framed pictures of the Losers, plus his inhaler, of course. Eddie's shoes were lined up neatly near the door by one of Bill's old soccer balls and a stack of books. The ceiling was dotted with glow-in-the-dark stars, and a small wooden biplane hung above his bed, like a baby's mobile. And—oh, it was stupid but Richie felt his heart flutter—the stuffed duck that he had won Eddie at the fair last spring was there, too, nestled right next to his pillow.

Richie hoisted himself up onto the mattress, picking up the little yellow thing—Darth Kleenex, they'd named him, God knows why. It made Richie feel all warm, seeing it again. The money he'd wasted on this thing...

A few moments later, Eddie burst in, arms full of gauze, bandages, cotton balls, and several antibacterial products. Richie glanced up. "Whoa there, Doc. Is it really that bad?"

Eddie shrugged, dumping the supplies on the bed and sitting down next to Richie. "I didn't know what I'd need. What are you doing with Kleenex?"

Richie grinned, holding him up by his stubby wings. "You kept him!"

Eddie scoffed and tried to grab it from Richie's hands, but Richie

swung it out of his reach. “Of course I kept him. It’s not like I would throw him away or something.”

Richie batted Eddie’s hands away. “It’s shitty material.”

Eddie lunged up and snatched the duck away, positioning him next to his knee. “No it’s not. I like him.”

Richie smiled, crossing his legs and listing his head to one side as he watched Eddie rummage through the supplies. God, he was cute. “So give it to me straight, Doc. How long have I got? Should I be writing my will?”

Eddie crinkled his nose, trying unsuccessfully to hide a smile. “Nothing I can’t fix. First order of business is disinfecting it.”

Richie swooned onto Eddie’s pillow, groaning dramatically. “Oh, the horror!”

Eddie stifled a giggle, dragging him upright. “Shhh! We have to do it unless you want to get some kind of blood disease. I promise it doesn’t hurt too bad, okay?”

Richie stuck his tongue out. “Course it won’t. I’m strong like bull.”

Eddie rolled his eyes. “Just hold your hair out of the way, okay?”

Richie nodded resolutely and complied, obediently combing his hair away from his forehead. He held back a shiver as Eddie gently wiped away the dried blood with a small, damp cloth. Why did his fingers have to be so soft?

He blinked quickly, trying to distract himself by watching Eddie’s face while he worked—his brow was furrowed in concentration, and he was biting his bottom lip, the way he always did when he was focused.

“So why did you come to my place, anyways?” Eddie asked him.

Richie raised his eyebrows. “You think I’m not here for your mom?”

“I know you’re not here for my mom.”

“Well, Eddiebear, you still have quite a bit to learn about this big old world.” Richie reaches out and ruffled Eddie’s hair. Eddie ducked away, rolling his eyes again as he folded up the soiled cloth and reached for a bottle of liquid and a cotton ball.

“Really, though,” Richie continued, raking his hair out of the way again, “me and Bill were gonna go to some house party. You know Val Tompkins?”

Eddie shook his head as he doused the cotton ball with the liquid. “Uh-uh.”

“Neither do I. Anyways, it’s at her house. So we were gonna go, you know, have a little fun, get a little wasted, fuck that hurts—” Eddie grimaced sympathetically as he pressed the cotton ball to the cut —“but Bill backed out last-minute, said he was sick, ow. Pretty sure he’s just making out with Stan right now, though, sick my ass.”

Eddie blushed again. “You don’t know that.”

Richie shook his head. “Oh, I’d know that tone of voice anywhere. ‘Hey Richie, I’m feeling a little about-to-go-sleep-with-someone, so you just go without me.’” He hissed softly in pain at the cotton ball. “Don’t have a problem with it, though. I just hope they’re enjoying themselves.”

Eddie discarded the cotton ball, grabbing a tube of ointment and sifting through a pile of various-sized bandages. “So...you decided to come here instead? At midnight?”

Richie traced the stitching on Eddie’s sheets with his finger. “What can I say? My Eddie-senses were tingling.” He watched as Eddie opened an appropriately-sized bandage with the precision of a seasoned physician. Eddie scoffed as he spread some ointment carefully onto the bandage.

“Okay, fine. I just couldn’t sleep.”

“Yeah, neither could—wait, no, Stan lives closest to you.”

Damn it! Richie felt himself blushing again. “Okay, well, so what if I wanted to come here instead? Besides, didn’t I say he and Bill were

—“

“Shut up, you’re ruining my concentration!”

Richie shut up. He held his breath as Eddie carefully lifted the bandage to his forehead. And he couldn’t tell for certain, but it looked like Eddie was a little pink too. As Eddie smoothed the bandage gently onto his skin and his breath tickled Richie’s cheek, he felt goosebumps rise on his neck. He could swear that Eddie’s touch lingered just a tiny bit more than it needed to. God, he was so far gone...

“There. All done.” Eddie crumpled up the bandage wrapper. Richie blinked, letting his hair flop back down and feeling gingerly at his forehead. “I say, Doctor Eds, this is the finest work I do believe I’ve ever seen!”

Eddie smiled, elbowing him and looking up to admire his handiwork. “Does it feel okay?”

“It feels great. Thanks.”

Eddie stood up, collecting all of the trash and throwing it in his wastebasket.

Richie took a deep breath. “Eds?”

Eddie sat back down on the bed, one leg tucked underneath him. “You mean Eddie?”

“I’m glad I didn’t.”

“What?”

“I’m glad I didn’t go to the stupid party. I’m glad I came here instead.”

Eddie looked up at him incredulously. “Glad? You literally fell off my roof!”

Richie shrugged, grinning crookedly. “Yeah, and I got to be fixed up by the greatest doctor in the world!” This made Eddie smile. “And.

I'm just glad that I, uh, got to spend time with you, you know?"

Eddie still looked a little pink. He was playing with the hem of his shorts. "Yeah. I'm—I'm glad you came, too."

Richie took another breath. It's now or never, Tozier, he thought, now or never. "Eds?" Crap, why did his voice sound so high all of a sudden? Eddie was glancing up at him now. Oh God. He cleared his throat. "Eddie?"

"Mm?" His eyes were so wide. Richie could count every freckle on his nose...

"I'm gonna kiss you." He didn't wait for Eddie to answer as he smashed their lips together, gently pulling Eddie forward by the front of his shirt. He didn't stop to consider what a terrible idea this probably was.

He felt Eddie freeze up, and his stomach swooped so drastically that he lurched backwards, but then Eddie—Eddie kissed him back. Richie's lips felt like they were on fire. He felt Eddie's arms curl up against his chest, and then sneak up around his neck, and then he felt Eddie's hands bury deep into his hair. This shocked Richie so much that he almost giggled, and joyfully, he kissed Eddie harder. Eddie made a small, desperate noise in the back of his throat and Richie was so encouraged by this that a breathless laugh snuck out of him.

"What? What is it?" Eddie started to pull away, but Richie cupped his face in his hands so that their foreheads and noses were touching.

"Doctor Eds," Richie giggled. "I think I'm in love with you." He leaned in for another kiss, but Eddie slipped his fingers between their lips before he could. "Richie, I really hope you're not joking," he breathed.

Richie stopped laughing. He tilted Eddie's head up so that their eyes were locked. "Eddie, I've wanted this since the sixth grade. I promise to you, on my life, that I mean all of it."

"Good," Eddie whispered, "because I think I'm in love with you too." He dove for Richie's lips again, and Richie toppled backwards as his

heart soared and Eddie's mouth smiled against his own.

"Do you think it'll leave a scar?" Richie murmured, toying sleepily with Eddie's hair, who lay on his chest.

Eddie yawned as he reached up to Richie's forehead, smoothing down the bandage with delicate fingers. "Dunno yet. 'S too early to tell."

Richie rubbed Eddie's back with his free hand, humming contentedly. He felt Eddie giggle and say something. "What was that?"

"I said," Eddie whispered, "it would be cute if it did."

"God damn," Richie breathed, smiling up at the stars on the ceiling. "I should fall off your roof more often."

Author's Note:

hope u enjoyed :))) lmk what u think